

Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whorson dog, you flauie, you curie.

Sir. I am none of these my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?

Ste. Ile not be stricken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wisdome, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes, and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. If I gaue them all my liuing, I'd keepe my Coxcombes my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by th'fire and finkle.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirrah, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nunckle;
Haue more then thou shouest,
Speake lesse then thou knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou throwest;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou shalt haue more,
Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing Nunckle?

Lear. Why no Boy,

Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beseeue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th' middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou clouest thy Crownes i'th' middle, and gau'st away both parts, thou boar'st thine Assie on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'st thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.

Fooles had nere lesse grace in a yeere,

For wisemen are growne foppish,

And know not how their wits to weare,

Their manners are so apish.

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?

Foole. I haue vsed it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'st them the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they For sodaine ioy did weepe,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a King should play bo-peepe,

And goe the Foole among.

Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, we'll haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th' frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O with-out a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor cruff, nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. That's a theal'd Pescod.

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth

In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.

I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,

To haue found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull

By what your selfe too late haue spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance, which if you should, the fault

Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleepe,

Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessitie

Will call discreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left dark-ling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

(dome)

Gon. I would you would make vse of your good wife. (Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away These dispositions, which of late transport you From what you rightly are.

Foole. May

Foole. May not an Assie know, when the Cart drawes the Horse?

Whoop Iugge I loue thee.

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

This is not *Lear*:

Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?

Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings

Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. *Lear's* shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th' fauour

O'ther your new pranks. I do beseech you

To vnderstand my purposes aright:

As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.

Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,

That this our Courte infected with their manners,

Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust

Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,

Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begges,

A little to disquantity your Traine,

And the remainders that shall still depend,

To be such men as may besort your Age,

Which know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darknesse, and Diuels.

Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.

Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;

Yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable, make Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest.

My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,

That all particulars of dutie know,

And in the most exact regard, support

The worship of their name. O most small fault,

How vgly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?

Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature

From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,

And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear*!

Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,

And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant

Of what hath moued you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:

Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend

To make this Creature fruitfull:

Into her Wombe conuey sterility,

Drie vp in her the Organs of increase,

And from her derogate body, neuer spring

A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,

Create her child of Splice, that it may liue

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.

Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,

With cadent Teares free Channels in her cheekes,

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